SHIMEJI-CHAN IS A GIRL WHO HAS SHIMEJI GROWING FROM HER HEAD.

BECAUSE OF THAT, SHE IS BEING BULLIED BY EVERYONE AGAIN TODAY.

"HE--Y, MUSHROOM GIRL--"

"IF YOU TOUCH HER YOU'LL GET MUSHROOM GERMS--"

BECAUSE SHE HATES GOING TO SCHOOL,

SHIMEJI-CHAN HAS LOCKED HERSELF UP IN HER ROOM.

ALL ALONE IN HER DARK, GLOOMY ROOM.

NOW, JUST WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE SHIMEJI UPON HER HEAD GROWS BIGGER.

SHIMEJI-CHAN WHISPERS.

"NOW, I AM NO LONGER SHIMEJI."

A LONG TIME PASSED.

AND THAT MUSHROOM GREW VERY, VERY LARGE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG WHILE, SHIMEJI-CHAN LOOKED OUT OF HER WINDOW.

THE SUNSET IS BEAUTIFUL.

"SHIMEJI". THAT WORD, WAS SHIMEJI-CHAN'S NAME.

FOR A LITTLE WHILE, SHIMEJI-CHAN

THINKS ABOUT THAT IDEA.

AT THAT MOMENT, A STRONG WIND BLEW.

WHEN SHE COMES TO HER SENSES, SHIMEJI-CHAN IS
DANCING IN THE SKY, CARRIED BY THE WIND.
SPARKLING WITH LIGHT, SPORES GLITTER IN THE SUNSET.

"LOOK! SHE'S FLOATING IN THE SKY!"
SHIMEJI'S CLASSMATES POINT
TO THE HEAVENS.

HOWEVER, NOBODY HAS NOTICED YET.
SPARKLING AS THEY FALL, WHAT THE SPORES DELIVER EQUALLY TO EACH OF THEM: A TINY PRESENT.